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Notes of the Week

Piracy in Practice

GERMANY'S submarine piracy has so far not proved as scarifying as was hoped. Various neutral vessels have been sent to the bottom, and both Scandinavia and America are busy considering matters. Whilst they are deliberating, the British authorities have been active, and apparently two at least of the blockading submarines have gone to their account. It is indeed rumoured that one of them is in the hands of the British, who are inquisitively investigating its construction and mechanism. Germany meanwhile is sending out reports which are a fair sample of her chivalry. She warns neutral countries that Great Britain intends to sink neutral ships and pretend that they have been destroyed by German submarines. It is somewhat astonishing that Sir Edward Grey should deem such obviously malicious statements worth denial. They are worse than the false reports as to what has been happening on the Eastern and Western frontiers. The Germans are being driven out of trench after trench, and in their annoyance they re-bombard Rheims Cathedral or send aeroplanes to drop bombs on Essex towns. They behave like the bullies they are; the desecrators of Belgium thank God the sacred soil of East Prussia has been relieved of the Russian invader, who only carries ruin in his train. We expect to learn in a day or two from Germany that the revolt of Indian soldiers with a local grievance at Singapore, which, unfortunately, cost several valuable British lives, was a serious rising against the British. The most dramatic event of the week is the naval bombardment of the Dardanelles forts; it opens up a world of possible developments.

The Russian Reverse

Germany is now claiming to have captured seven Russian generals, 100,000 men, 150 guns, and much

material in the neighbourhood of the Masurian lakes. Russia has suffered a reverse, which, though unfortunate and regrettable, is not of the overpowering consequence Berlin would have the world believe. It is a very different thing from a reverse before Warsaw. Germany's wonderful system of strategic railways enabled her to throw vast numbers of men into East Prussia, whilst Russia was operating in a district without means of bringing up adequate support. When the German move was discovered, the Russians began to retreat on their own lines of defence, but the winter conditions made the country almost impassable. Everything was in the Germans' favour, and Russian losses were heavy—they probably amounted to a whole army corps. The retreat was unquestionably masterly work in the face of incredible difficulties. Russia is in no way perturbed; if Germany elects to try more in this direction she will be beyond her strategic railways, whilst Russia will have the advantage of prepared ground. Elsewhere, notably in the Carpathians, Russia is giving a good account of herself, and is proving that she has not by any means lost her power of offensive.

Colonel Seely's Command

Nothing could be more deplorable than the discussion and recrimination which have been started by the appointment of Colonel Seely as a brigadier-general. If the selection was not due to political pressure, then it should at once be made plain that Lord Kitchener and Sir John French had discovered those qualities in Colonel Seely which made his promotion desirable. Colonel Seely is, we all know, a very devoted soldier, though he went far as a politician to lose the respect he won in the field. But it would be fatal to him, to the Army, and to other interests if people really came to believe that he secured preferment as a sort of amend for sacrifices in other directions. The most unfortunate phase of the affair is that in his brigade are two regiments of Canadian horse, and Canadians are asking whether this is the best the Old Country can do when she sends her sons to help fight the battles of the Empire? For the sake of Colonel Seely, for the sake of the Empire, and for the sake of the Army, where much heart-burning will undoubtedly be caused, it is deeply to be regretted that the merest suspicion of political influence, to which the protest in Parliament and from Canada is due, should be possible in such an appointment.

The Future of the Empire

There unquestionably exists much curiosity, not to say anxiety, as to what may be the effect of the war on the future relations of the Imperial and the Dominion Governments. The fact makes the lecture delivered by Mr. Edward Salmon at the Colonial Institute, of which we print a part this week, of special significance just now. Both Sir George Perley and the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, representing Canada and South Africa, made it pretty clear that some move forward will have to be taken. "We have come to a period of development in our Empire relationships," said Sir George

Perley, "when we must come closer together, otherwise we may drift further apart. We must look forward to a not distant future when there will be brought into operation some altered arrangements by which the Dominions shall be called to the Councils of the Empire in Imperial matters." It is well to discuss the subject now, and, as was recently said by someone, we must invert the ancient maxim, and in war-time, so far as the Empire is concerned, prepare for peace. The lecture will not have been delivered in vain if, as we understand is probable, it encourages more practical efforts in the direction of Imperial Federation.

Should Clergymen Go to the Front?

A "Churchman"—we rather doubt the descriptive accuracy of the signature—has made an attack on the clergy of the Established Church because they are not joining the Army as Nonconformists and Roman Catholics are. As a matter of fact, clergy of the Established Church and theological students are at the front, and, as the Bishop of Birmingham learns from a correspondent, Roman Catholics are not fighting; as for the Nonconformists, "Churchman's" knowledge of them is, to say the least, peculiar. If ever there was a war in which the clergy of all denominations might take an active part, it is surely this against the ravishers of fair cities, destroyers of cathedrals, murderers of innocent women and children. But the very seriousness of the war now being waged and the creation of enormous armies makes the duties of the clergy more than usually numerous and anxious. The clergy at the moment have other battles to fight, and they are none too strong in numbers for the duties they have to perform.

Sven Hedin's War Book

Mr. John Lane has already secured a fairly big advertisement for Dr. Sven Hedin's book on the war. Sven Hedin, of course, was accorded facilities by the German authorities for seeing—precisely what they wished him to see. He has been with the German army in the field, and on his return to Sweden he started a pro-German campaign, which we happen to know had, up to a recent date, had no particular effect beyond irritating many of his countrymen who wished to remain neutral in fact as well as in name. The *Daily Chronicle* promptly came out with a question we are surprised any serious journal could ask: If you read the book will you not be trading with the enemy? The *British Weekly*, which in its patriotism seems to have rather lost its head, follows suit and sharply challenges the propriety of publishing the book in this country. Mr. Lane's answer is simple and to the point: The book will be an excellent recruiting agent, because it will drive home facts which are not even now fully recognised. The question as to trading with the enemy is demonstrably absurd. Sven Hedin is a Swede and a neutral. Is it suggested that the profits of his book will go to Germany? He is hardly sufficiently pro-German to go the length of handing over his royalties to the Kaiser.

War Risks of Fiction

BY LUCIUS.

IF there is one truth more than another which the present war has emphasised it would seem to be the importance, from the military standpoint, of the faculty of imagination. The field of operations is so vast, the opposed forces—at all events in these opening stages of the conflict—are so evenly matched, that the side whose leaders are the most fertile in imagination, in "happy thoughts," would alone seem to have an opportunity of scoring an early and decisive success. It is a curious thing, however, that while the military training appears to develop the imagination as regards tactics, so that a good Staff officer can usually make a shrewd guess at what the next move will be of the enemy in front of him, it is usually only in commanders of acknowledged genius that any of that higher imaginative quality is to be found which enables a broad view of the whole situation to be taken and a new and unexpected general plan to be evolved. It is here that the unhampered brain of the novelist, whose imagination is his entire stock-in-trade, may sometimes prove useful, either to his own side or—without any evil intention on his part—to the enemy.

It is a well-known fact that the majority of fiction-writers have had some training in journalism, and this training, combined with a naturally assimilative brain, enables them to absorb information quickly. Novelists who choose military or naval subjects, therefore, do not, as the unkind critic might suppose, invariably write nonsense; nor do they invariably make mistakes. Sometimes, on the principle that the outsider sees most of the game, they make the naval or military commanders of their creation evolve dangerously workman-like plans of campaign. An example of what I mean has recently been given considerable publicity in the newspapers. I refer, of course, to the story entitled "Danger," contributed in July of last year by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the *Strand Magazine*, only a month before the declaration of war. The Germans have declared that this brilliant *tour de force*, which describes how one Captain John Sirius, in the navy of a foreign Power, turned defeat into victory with the help of a few submarines by simply sending the British mercantile marine to the bottom, gave them the notion of the "submarine blockade." This may or may not be true—and in any case the "submarine blockade," now that it is with us, does not appear to amount to very much—but that the statement should ever have been made by our enemies is deeply significant. Perhaps—with fear and trembling let it be said!—it opens up a new and legitimate ground for the Censor's activities. In regard to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story, it is only fair to the many admirers of this truly patriotic author to quote what he himself says about it, and thus to dispel any doubts as to whether on this occasion his brilliant imagination has really been of service to the Germans. "An attack by submarine upon our commerce," writes Sir Arthur in a letter to the

editor of the *Strand*, "has seemed to me to be a danger to which in the future we might be exposed, and I wrote a story last spring which was published in the *Strand Magazine* in July to point it out. In it I tried to indicate various methods of meeting it—submarine merchantmen, the Channel Tunnel, and the encouragement of home supplies being the chief ones. My story was a forecast of the future, and I still think that if the war had been delayed for five years there would have been a real danger—for the submarine is constantly developing. As it is I am of opinion that the German blockade will have no real effect upon the war. It is murderous and unscrupulous, but futile." This, of course, does not exactly refute the German statement that the plan was suggested to them by Sir Arthur's story, though it sets our minds at rest by assuring us that, as things are, the plan is futile. No, the suggestion that these "forecasts of the future," when they are too intelligent, may well prove dangerous in war-time must be allowed to stand, in spite of Sir Arthur's letter. Such a book as "The Riddle of the Sands," by Mr. Erskine Childers, for instance, is said to be so extraordinarily accurate as to be practically a military treatise arranged in such a form as to be easily readable by everyone. The book, as it happens, could not, I believe, have been of the slightest service to the enemy except to assure him that we were not so fast asleep as he supposed; but it shows that Mr. Childers has quite sufficient knowledge of his subject to write a story, if it occurred to him to do so, which might give a dangerously accurate forecast of British naval plans. In short, at a time when "bright ideas" are at such a terrific premium, it is not unreasonable to suggest that they ought not to be placed at the disposal of friends and enemies alike. Writers who choose to exercise their brains on military or naval problems during war-time should be wary of publishing the results for all who run to read. Perhaps the safest thing they can do is to leave the subject severely alone; for—unlike the German—it is quite opposed to the English professional military mind to pay the slightest attention to non-professional writers. That this should be so is perhaps to be regretted, though it is only natural for us to have the defects of our qualities. We may not be so susceptible to new ideas as are the Germans; but, on the other hand, we are perhaps less prone to waste time over ideas which have nothing in them. The fact remains, however, that if any commanders were to gain inspiration from a British novelist's stories it would be unlikely to be those of his own country.

There can be no doubt that, as a nation, the British are inclined to underestimate the influence of fiction, and to be much too much inclined to dismiss "magazine stories" as being merely frivolous and designed to amuse. They may amuse; but their effect is none less widespread or dangerous. How much mischief has Mr. H. G. Wells achieved by his clever nonsense-talk about World-States, which provides a text for the cosmopolitan Socialists? On the economic as on the

military side, novels are, as Milton would say, by no means dead things, but spring up at awkward moments armed men! It is only our attitude of disregarding the possibility of its effect on impressionable minds which has made the publication of the modern "gentleman-burglar" story possible. The police, however, will bear witness that the professional housebreaker or jewel thief is by no means averse from making use of the skilled brainwork of a clever novelist. Raffles has doubtless provided many an evildoer with good ideas, while the Parisian motor-bandits—when captured—most freely and generously acknowledged their indebtedness to Arsène Lupin. Moreover, by surrounding their burglar-heroes with a certain glamour and romance, these writers undoubtedly make crime attractive. They "popularise" it, in fact.

No discussion of the "dangers of fiction" would be complete without at least a reference to the dangers of the unworthy flummery with which even our reputable daily papers are filling their columns—though perhaps on this branch of the subject it is safest to be reticent, for fear of the Censor!

The Coming of Spring

BY SOPHROSYNÉ

THE magician of the seasons knows no calendar. On the morning of his choice, regardless of date, he waves his wand, and even we who are mortals, bound by the arbitrary ruling of the hours into months and seasons, know that Spring has come. Such a day was yesterday. On stepping from the door-sill into the flood of early morning sunshine, Spring was revealed, patent to all our senses—the dainty flower-nymph beloved alike of poet and painter—the spirit of promise and half-veiled beauty and of all young loveliness in all the world. There are days in late winter when the hint of her approach casts beams of radiance, uncertain wisps of trailing glory over the leaden hours, days when we say colloquially, "There is a feeling of Spring in the air." They are the spells which tantalise by a quick return to bleakness of spirit, to shivering cold and frost-bound earth. They are, indeed, a mirage, but the reality, the triumphant entry of Primavera in the procession of the seasons, comes on such a day as that to which the many-throated chorus of the birds awakened us in these latter hours of February. There may be lapses into cold, to the swirling flood of waters in the lowlands, to storm clouds on the heights dissolving into sharp hail and rain as stinging, even to fog and frost, but shining through dreary hours will be the signs of the loveliest season of the year. The flush of her warmth is in the tree-tops, standing rosy with multitudes of swelling buds; the catkins of the nut-trees hang in golden showers on every hedgerow; the pussy-willow gleams silver in the wayside copses. Beneath the trees all treasures of earth push their eager way up to the sun. Sharp spears of iris, clusters of daffodils even now

heavy with bud, soft sweet violets, and gallant primroses are taking the places of the pale snowdrops that have rung out the dirge of winter. The gold of the aconites and the vivid orange of the crocus is waning before the promise of all the flowers with which the lap of Spring is filled. That is the charm of this season, a charm that gives it a position in our affections no rose-crowned day of June, nor blazing holiday sun of August, can usurp—it is the time of promise.

Like the springtime of life, like the youth of the world, it holds in its hands the glamour, the magic, of an unknown future; all possibilities of joy are there, all whisperings of romance, all potentialities of beauty. Not one of us but would exchange wealth and even knowledge for the mysterious allure of youth, to feel once more the golden vistas of the future opening out in shining sequence, the stirrings of the sap of life in all his veins, the call of the unknown that sends its echoes through all the chambers of imagination.

So beautiful is expectation, and promise so all-encompassing in its width of view; we touch the skies and mountains in our flight and voyage beyond the ends of time; there are no limits set in the possibilities unfolded before the eyes of youth.

So with the days of promise through which we are living. They embody the spirit of Spring, are the incarnation of Hope. Certain compensations have been granted us in this land of northern mists, of grey skies and long winters, of tossing seas and wailing winds. They are twilight and the coming of Spring. In the South, where Nature is prodigal of her sunshine, riotous in colour, bathed in perfume, these seasons of anticipation are wanting. Night succeeds day with startling rapidity, and summer springs in full blossom from the sheath of winter, with scarcely a hint of the preface of spring as we know it.

In place of such profusion we are granted delicacy. The radiance of a southern day, the brilliance of its constellated night, is so perfect as to leave little room for dreams, for wistfulness, for the emotion we associate with all things fragile and very young and immature. The perfect day in February is like a cameo in its setting of gold, a little austere, a little cold, but very clear-cut in its loveliness. It has a quality which only such a day in England possesses.

One of the most celebrated of Italian pictures is an allegory of the Spring. It was painted by a man strangely characterised by Northern longing, by the sense of beauty veiled and incomplete, by the soul waiting for revelation of which it holds the promise, but which too often is never granted. In Botticelli's "Primavera" there is all the sentiment of Spring as we know it, joined to an opulence impossible to us and out of keeping with the season. The Venus of the picture is the Earth Mother as we know her, somewhat weary, but very sweet in her motherhood, renewed in the springtime to beauty and fruition, the symbol of the tenderness and treasure of the season, but the laughing Flora and the Graces, the flower-enamelled grass, and the orange grove brilliant with flower and

pendent fruit are out of focus in our picture of the Springtime.

It is not only delicate, it is wistful. In normal years the poet breaks out involuntarily into song. It is the fashion to laugh at him, but in our hearts we sigh, knowing well the desire that struggles for some utterance, however ineffective. It is the season of desire, for beauty, for love, for expression of the thoughts which surge up in us towards the light, even as the flower pushes up its head with the newly found energy of Spring. We know not often what we want, but it is one step towards higher attainment to experience desire.

It is the season of Hope. Broken are the cruel bonds of winter, vanished is the thrall that has held all nature in captivity, wakened the sleep in whose deep trance the earth has remained quiescent. Spring reveals to us that silence is not death, that in the darkness and inanimation we associate with winter forces are working whose greatness we cannot measure, whose methods we can neither see nor tabulate. It has ever been the favourite symbol of the spiritually minded, this allegory of resurrection that we behold and comprehend so imperfectly with each successive Spring. It contains at once the principle and the perpetuity of Life. Not a seed that falls or a life that perishes is wasted. With each recurring season there awakens in us renewed hope that so our lives, the dim fine threads that reach out and bind us to infinity, may find their springtime and renewal in some such manner; that the thoughts which link us each to each may live, that the dreams of greatness, the visions of a beauty not of earth which visit us from time to time, may find their fruition in an immortal season of accomplishment, and of a reality of which these earthly things are but the symbols.

Some Reflections on Royal Auction*

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

IT seems a far cry to the early days of Auction, when the rules and the calls were more or less in a chaotic state and the younger spirits were under the impression that they had been initiated into a chastened variation of Poker. No wonder the devotee of Bridge proper regarded the innovation as rank heresy. All the fine traditions handed down from the days of Whist were scrapped, and the one essential quality to success promised to be unlimited bluff. There was, for instance, a fatuous idea that it did not pay to win a rubber, or, more strictly speaking, to close a rubber, and so the most preposterous risks were taken to prevent the opposing side from going out. The policy was known as "keeping the flag flying," and pretty expensive it proved. It is not dead yet, but has been sufficiently discouraged to be kept within reasonable

* [An article by Mr. Taunton Williams, entitled "The Misnomer of Royal Auction," appeared in *THE ACADEMY* of November 21, 1914; and two articles on "Nullos: the Poor Man's Chance," in our issues for January 9 and 16.]

limits. The importance of the rubber can as easily be over-estimated as under-estimated. The difference between winning and losing the rubber is averaged at 400 points. There are, of course, times when the winners are heavily down on the total if the above-line scores are not in their favour, but this average may stand. In any case, there is no justification for reckless bidding. The penalties for failure are altogether out of proportion to any problematical advantage to be gained. It is no infrequent occurrence for the adversaries to take six or seven hundred points on a doubled call of indefensible weakness. A fair risk may be taken when there is the chance of the enemy being over-bold. A good general principle, however, is to go for the game and rubber, and to lose both philosophically when all the odds against one are too heavy. There is, after all, no finality when four players are together for an evening. The loss on one rubber is as likely as not to be made good on the next.

Even more remote seem the guiding principles of declarations in those early Auction days. The "one spade" blind is, of course, eliminated by the new scoring, and so need not be discussed. But there was the hardly less meaningless "one no trump" with which a certain type of player invariably opened the bidding on the smallest provocation. Nothing could have been more misleading to a partner, who would not know if the call was a tentative one or indicated the requisite strength. The object more often than not was to force the other side up to a two-trick bid, but the unfortunate *vis-à-vis* was entitled to estimate the call on its face value, only to find, on having put his partner up, or on having to play the hands on a higher suit call, that the strength consisted of two kings or their equivalent. Nowadays there is the much saner understanding that no tactics pay which deceive a partner, and that a bid should convey the information that the caller has a reasonable prospect of making good on it. On this assumption an original "one no trump" has something to recommend it. It implies general strength of a kind and protection in at least three suits. The strength need not consist of aces and kings. A queen to three and a knave to four are protected if the other two suits have a top card—i.e., ace or king. Third declarant then knows that his partner can support him if he has a strong suit call, which he should make in preference to putting his partner up, as, in any case, the latter has the option of raising his original bid and is the wiser for the information given. No trumps, however, as I have once before pointed out, have lost their supremacy. By far the greater number of games are won on suit declarations at Royal Auction. In this connection it is well for the novice to engrave on his memory the respective game-winning value of the different suits. I have heard it argued that the values are disproportionate; but this is not so. Unless all calls were to be equalised, there could not be a closer gradation. It takes three tricks to win a game in "no trumps," four tricks in either spades or hearts, and five tricks in diamonds or clubs.

That is the point I wish to emphasise for the benefit of the novice—spades are no better than hearts, nor diamonds than clubs, for winning a game from "love all."

It has become a truism to say that an original suit call should never be made without holding one or more of the top honours, yet it is not rare to find players even to-day giving a preference to a suit call simply because they happen to hold six, say, to the queen. This is another instance of deceiving one's partner, who, being devoid of and weak in that suit, may look to it as support for an otherwise doubtful "no trumper." Aces and kings are indeed the backbone of Royal Auction; they have a greater proportionate value than in the days of ordinary Bridge. There is, moreover, less excuse for the dealer calling below the proper strength since the compulsory declaration has been abolished. With regard to the original "one no trump," the Robertson Rule still holds good for the novice. If the value of the hand amounts to 21—an ace counting 7, a king 5, and a knave 1—this is the minimum strength on which the call should be made. But a sound suit call is preferable, and this should consist at least of five cards headed by ace or king, queen or king, knave, with one or two probable tricks in other suits. Four trumps with three top honours is permissible with other strength. These conditions apply, of course, only to an *original* call, and are laid down with a view not to deceive one's partner. On the second round of the bidding, a suit of six without ace or king may be utilised for even a two-trick bid. The previous declarations may justify, and there is then no question of mystifying one's partner. This distinction is now an established rule, and there should be no departure from it.

I have come to the end of my space without covering the intricacies of suit declarations, so I must ask the Editor's permission to expand the subject into a second article.

REVIEWS

Adventures in Empire-Building

Forty Years in Canada. By COLONEL S. B. STEELE, C.B., M.V.O. (Herbert Jenkins. 16s. net.)

THOUGH there are a few million English men and women in Canada, and thousands of English families have sent one or more of their number to explore the possibilities of life in that land of hot summers and clear, cold winters; yet comparatively few of us are familiar with the history of its development and progress. We are vaguely aware that such a tremendous portion of the Empire must have had its pioneers, its brave men who faced dangers of all kinds, who acted as warlike guardians of peace and cleared the way for the settlers who in their thousands have contributed to prosperity and a harmonious commercial

stage; but of the work of such men, of their devotion to the ideals of the mother-country, little is generally known.

The reader who is fortunate enough to study this fine volume by Colonel Steele will find his heart strangely stirred by the modest, capable soldier's story of rough adventures and desperate exploits. The author's father was on the *Leopard* at the time of the famous "incident" with the *Chesapeake*, when the right to search foreign ships for British deserters was enforced, and in time became a magistrate and colonel of militia in Upper Canada, and first member of Parliament for the county of Simcoe—when Toronto was known as "Little York," and when sailing ships took a couple of months to cross the Atlantic. Colonel Steele, his son, joined the militia as a boy of sixteen, and studied military matters to such good effect that even as a youth he raised and trained a regimental company. From that time his career began. In May, 1870, he obtained a position in the 1st Ontario Rifles, and his description of the river-work, portages, the running of rapids on the way to Lake Winnipeg and Fort Garry, is vivid and fascinating. Troubles with whisky-traders, smallpox, and minor "scrimmages" followed, and the social life of Winnipeg forty years ago forms a pleasant interlude, not without amusement. Subsequently Colonel Steele gained permission to join the newly formed North-West Mounted Police. Lawlessness abounded; "the state of affairs was infinitely worse than in the days when none but the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the numerous tribes of Red Indians inhabited the territory," and one cause of this was the U.S.A. borderland to the immediate south. "Here large numbers of reckless men found their way, and simply did what they pleased, ruined the Indians, and brought on quarrels with them for the sake of gain." Only the traveller who courted death went west of where the town of Regina now prospers, and the trails were extremely rough and difficult; the journey from Fort Garry to Edmonton, 1,255 miles, was one long and risky struggle with ice, mud, and marshes, which the scared horses would hardly face.

The Commissioner of the Force, Colonel (now Sir John) French, spoke highly of it, and on his resignation was presented by the sergeants with an address and a gold watch and chain. The experiences of this important force form the most interesting part of the book. In one year Colonel Steele rode 6,800 miles in all weathers; the members herded and slaughtered their own beef, cut and hauled hay and fuel, repaired transport, made sleds for winter travel, and often slept in home-made cabins with the temperature twenty or thirty degrees below zero.

In 1881 speculators and settlers began to arrive in numbers, and required looking after. "People were ready to buy anything. The hotels did a roaring trade, and the bars made profits of hundreds of dollars a day. Every available space was taken up for sleeping accommodation, and the privilege of having a chair or a step on the stairs to sleep on cost a dollar." This

was in the early Winnipeg; and, soon after, Colonel Steele was placed in command of detachments on the line of construction of the C.P.R., continuing till railway work ceased for the season. Taking charge at Calgary, he found great difficulties over the laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic; his comments on this subject are worth pondering:—

We soon learned that compulsion will not make people sober; it must be brought about by the example of the best people. The prohibitory law made more drunkards than if there had been an open bar and free drinks at every street corner. Liquor was brought into the territories by every conceivable trick. Egg shells were emptied of their contents and alcohol substituted; tin imitations of the Holy Bible were filled with intoxicants and sold on the trains; metal kegs filled with alcohol came concealed in the centre of barrels of kerosene, and mincemeat soaked in brandy and peaches prepared in the same manner were common.

We cannot follow the career of this gallant pioneer of civilisation in detail, but it will be seen that he has been closely associated throughout his whole life with our enormous Western Dominion, and has done more than most men to bring it through its birth-troubles and youthful escapades to its present state of safety and steadiness. The late Lord Strathcona had promised to write a "Foreword" to this book, but his death intervened. Lord Strathcona, we are told in the introduction which has now been written by J. C. Colmer, C.M.G., had a sincere regard for Colonel Steele, and never forgot his services as commanding officer of Strathcona's Horse during the South African War. Chapter xvii deals with this change in the scene; but we have not space to do more than mention it. The photographic illustrations are excellent; and the reader who has any sense of the value of British administration and British pluck will find the volume a treasure of mingled history and adventure in the finest work in the world—the building of an Empire.

A Difference in Method

German Spies in England. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

My Adventures as a Spy. By Lieut.-Gen. SIR R. BADEN-POWELL. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)

TWO writers, both animated with patriotism, an eagerness for the welfare of their country, and a desire to present military affairs in a manner calculated to awaken and interest their readers in this and future years, Mr. William Le Queux and Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Baden-Powell, treat of the spy from very different standpoints. It is true that one deals chiefly with spies from the ranks of the enemy, while the other relates his own experiences, but after taking this into consideration the deductions of the former writer are most startling compared with the calmer and more reassuring observations of the soldier.

Both men have seen a considerable amount of foreign travel; both have come into contact with other nationalities, other ideas, other points of view; the

benefit of their experiences they now give to the public. The most remarkable part of "German Spies in England" is contained in the report of a speech made by the Kaiser at a secret council held at Potsdam in June, 1908. Said the war lord:—

To find an outlet for the discontent of the nation; to nip the growing republican sentiment in the bud; to fill our treasury; to reduce the burden of taxation; to gain new colonies and markets for our industries across the seas; to accomplish all this, and still more, we simply have to invade England. . . . If God will help us, as I am convinced He will, I trust that at the end of the coming year the Imperial treasury will be filled to overflowing with the gold of the British and French war indemnities.

A copy of the whole of the infamous and blasphemous utterance, of which the above forms a part, was obtained by the author and placed before certain members of the British Cabinet. The most charitable assumption is that the whole thing was regarded as the ravings of one not wholly responsible for his actions; otherwise, even the most unsuspicious person would naturally remark upon the apparent absence of anything done to meet this threat, backed up as it was by an efficient and numerically strong army.

The matter of the indifference of the Home Office with regard to aliens residing on or near the East Coast is the subject of very strong comment by Mr. Le Queux. In company with other writers he connects the Yarmouth and Scarborough raids with signalling and wireless messages, although at the same time acknowledging that in this and other cases a great deal of traitorous work is perhaps being done by British subjects in the enemy's pay. To these may be added the careless sailor or soldier who, after a few extra "drinks," will probably babble about matters best not spoken of outside the forces.

Throughout his book Mr. Le Queux appears to take both Germans and English at the German valuation. Of the fact that a large amount of boastfulness and bluff may lie under the talk of the Teutons this author takes very little account; and because the English appear indifferent in so many circumstances where so much is at stake, Mr. Le Queux credits them with negligence and lack of intelligence. Not so Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who in "My Adventures as a Spy" relates a case of an English Ambassador who "had the appearance of a cheery, bluff, British farmer, with nothing below the surface," yet managed to outwit all the intriguers gathered round an Eastern Court. As this attitude is typical of Englishmen generally, it probably accounts for the many mistakes made by Germany in her summing up of our character and intelligence. This second book contrasts sharply, although doubtless unintentionally, the difference in method between the English and the German spy—the observance of the laws of humanity by one and the utter unscrupulousness of the other. Sir Robert's experiences were many and interesting; taken separately and told at greater length, they would form excellent stories. As they stand, they will be of incalculable value to

the force he has made so completely his own—the Boy Scouts.

Professor Cramb's Warning and Anticipation

Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. CRAMB. (Murray. 5s. net.)

Germany and England. By J. A. CRAMB. Popular Edition. (Murray. 1s.)

PROFESSOR CRAMB died in October, 1913—some nine months before the crisis which was to lend more point to much that he had to say than he himself probably ever believed possible. His lectures on the "Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain" were directly inspired by the Boer War; his lectures on "Germany and England" were the result of his study of Treitschke and Bernhardt at a time when so many others chose to ignore them; we can only wonder as we glance again through both books to-day to what heights his often poetic, often merely verbose, but always well-informed and thoroughly sincere, rhetoric might have been carried by the spectacle of Germany and England at grips and by the uprising of the British dominions in a way which eclipses anything seen during the struggle in South Africa. In issuing a further edition of "Germany and England" the publisher indicates that twelve editions were disposed of between August and November last; the first edition in June did not apparently find a ready market till the war was upon us. After the war had become a reality, people began to study the warnings which a few men like Cramb had been issuing. Mr. Murray might have added considerably to the interest of the reprint by giving us figures of the first edition and of subsequent editions; they would have provided a neat little object-lesson in the public tendency always to learn what is wrong with the stable door after the horse has got away. The present is called a popular edition. What does that mean? Were not the editions which kept the press busy during four months popular? At best this may be a more popular edition, and it costs one instead of two shillings. Yet who has not read Cramb's account of the teaching of Treitschke and Bernhardt? Those who did not buy the book last autumn borrowed it. Its principal value now—indeed, its only value—is that it may induce a universal determination "never again" to be caught as we were in August last. Some of the ideas which found expression in "Germany and England" are also to be found in what Dr. A. C. Bradley describes as Cramb's "too little known volume 'The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain.'" There is much in Cramb's ideas on empires in general and on Imperial Britain in particular—he rather objects to British Empire because the term involves certain associations that do not strike us as vastly significant—which every student may study with advantage. He was profoundly impressed with the new ideal of empire which has come to Great Britain—an ideal which in 1900 he said was "impressing the whole earth by its

majesty"—and he searches all history without finding a parallel. He takes a spiritual view of Imperial Britain, which is not always quite easy to reconcile with certain familiar material facts, and his analyses of causes and effects strike us sometimes as prompted by faith rather than events. However, the book is a serious contribution to the growing Imperial library, and if in the struggle to attain the conscious ideal which he says has now come to us we have time for reading how we have arrived where we are, and how we are to achieve our destiny, then Cramb will perhaps take his place somewhere near Seeley. It is a book to read, not to be rushed through, if we would grasp all that was in the mind of the writer, who believed, and rightly believed, that in Britain the spirit of empire receives a new incarnation.

The Children's Philosopher

The New Parent's Assistant. By STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.G.S. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is popularly supposed that all fathers and mothers know best how to bring up their own children, and that those who venture advice and suggestions on this delicate subject are well rewarded if they are shown the door as interfering busybodies. The education of the child's mind, especially during babyhood, is an intimate and personal matter, and, far from being simple, it is a process at which we might well be lost in wonderment, did we but take the pains to comprehend it. Eyes and ears and fingers—all the senses, in fact—are constantly conveying their impressions of a new world to a new brain with no past experience to work upon, and the growing brain is endeavouring to arrange and associate those varying impressions, forming, very gradually, a coherent opinion of the universe constituted by "home" and friends and limited excursions. Upon this period, with great courage, Dr. Stephen Paget has thought fit to throw his clear, unwavering searchlight of inquiry, and the result, far from being resented, must be praised highly. Those who have read Dr. Paget's previous essays dealing with "The Young People" will know how pleasant is his style, how sure is his touch with themes that might easily be ruined by thoughtless handling. He takes us from "The First Few Years" to the difficult time when the child begins to ask awkward questions about religion, right and wrong, and when the decision whether to explain or to disregard the mysteries of sex has to be taken. On this problem few men could have written more wisely. With the chapter entitled "Discipline," the "Parent's Assistant" really comes to an end; but "The Love of London" and "The Use of Grandparents," two charming little discursions, are not foreign to the purpose of the book, and a note under the heading of "August, 1914," explains that these essays were written in times of peace, and expresses the hope that they may yet win a glance amid the general confusion. We are sure that they will do more than this. Dr. Paget is a philosopher with a charming,

easy lucidity, a teacher dignified and yet familiar, a serious adviser with a gift of humour and a rare humility. "Neither science nor ethics can do much for us," he writes, referring to our bewilderment at the behaviour of the growing child. "Not that I should ever go to an Ethical Society for guidance in any of my difficulties: I would not trust it so much as to tell me, without a paper and a two hours' discussion, how to get from the Bank to the Marble Arch; but ethics, doubtless, are a grand study, if only the Ethical Societies would leave them alone." We recommend this little volume to all grown-up people with open minds and warm hearts.

Fiction

SACRED and profane love form the main *motif* of Miss Marjorie Bowen's latest historical romance, "The Carnival of Florence" (Methuen and Co., 6s.). For setting she has chosen the ancient Tuscan capital in the latter half of the fifteenth century, when the power of the brilliant Medici family was on the wane and the influence of Savonarola, at once orator and ecclesiastical reformer, in the ascendant; in a word, Florence in her magnificence and her misery. The heroine is not inaptly named Aprilis, for her young heart is fated to be stirred in turn by the conflicting emotions of her betrothal to one man, her marriage to another, and her love for a third, the unfortunate Piero dei Medici. The daughter of a Florentine money-lender, she falls under Savonarola's influence, and Miss Bowen relates with sympathetic feeling the story of her struggles.

Melodrama with more than the usual quantum of shocks and thrills, startling situations and incidents, is to be found in "The Enemies of England," by Cyril Ranger-Gull (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.), who, if we mistake not, first made his bow as a novelist under the pseudonym of "Guy Thorne," and presented us with "Love and the Freeman" and "When It Was Dark." These were followed, under the new style, by "Murder Limited," to be now capped by this *magnum opus* of villainy, with the familiar beautiful auburn-haired siren and the polished and charming foreign count. They are, of course, both adepts in wickedness, and they and their select coterie, whilst thrilling the reader, cause the British Government no little anxiety. But in spite of infernal machines in the form of watches and mysterious firearms which go off noiselessly, and poison rings, and a gigantic saurian which dwells in St. John's Wood, all their diabolical machinations come to naught in quite an unexpected manner.

The habit of questioning is one chiefly associated with the small child, whose nascent inquiring mind will often propound riddles that a sage may find a difficulty in solving. "They Who Question" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), however, is an anonymous work on Biblical lines beyond the Sunday-school phase. It is apparently intended for those grown-up persons

who, without being exactly Pharisees, will sit and listen to one sermon after another, whether administered in homœopathic doses or delivered with the interminable iteration of a zealous divine whose ardour ignores the flight of time and the hunger-pangs of his congregation. The publishers assure us that the book is "from the pen of a well-known writer," and it is a pity that he or she does not come out into the open and add the weight of a specific personality to the rapid outpourings inflicted on the reader in the form of a novel. But this anonymous author has recourse to puppets who preach and preach to repletion, until finally a not too orthodox dean, with fashionable imperialism, ends all questioning with a more or less unctuously delivered sermon of over a dozen pages.

Shorter Notices

"Malice in Kulturland"

Among the many attempts which have recently been made to treat the world-wide war in the satiric spirit, Mr. Horace Wyatt's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's two famous books into one lively pasquinade with the title of our heading (*The Car Illustrated*, 1s. net.) is, we think, the most successful. The assured popularity of any book which takes "Alice" as its ground-work is here heightened by the excellent illustrations by "Tell," an artist who follows Sir John Tenniel's designs in a spirit of admirable burlesque, and sometimes gives us original drawings in the same manner, but with a certain modern bitterness added which is very effective and amusing. As the title implies, Mr. Wyatt does not spare the protagonists of the war any less than the artist. Perhaps the following example gives as good an idea as one could select of the quality of the parody. The dialogue is, of course, between the German Emperor and the Crown Prince:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
 "And the end of your life is in sight;
 Yet you're frequently patting your God on the head—
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"
 "In my youth," said his sire, "I established my case
 As a being apart and divine;
 And I think if I try to keep God in His place,
 He ought to support me in mine."

Many cunning thrusts and satiric comments are given on the affairs which led up to and continued the war. As a whole, "Malice in Kulturland" is an entertaining and indubitable success for both the artist and the author.

Love Letters

Nothing is easier than to concoct at a time like the present a series of letters which are merely sickly sentimentality. Miss May Aldington has avoided the pitfall very cleverly in "Love Letters to a Soldier" (Werner Laurie, 1s.). They are quite natural epistles from a very charming woman who will not marry the man she loves on the eve of his going to the front. "All the woman in me says 'Yes,' all the practical common sense says 'No'; the practical common sense is only another name for 'duty.'" She is his, but does not wish to be asked to do "what all the other women in your world would desire to do." The end is dra-

matic in its simplicity, when on their wedding-day she goes to meet the ship which brings him home and she sees him: "One sleeve, the right, pinned empty to his breast! It has left me numb, speechless with an indescribable sense of joy and pain." For very light reading we commend "Love Letters to a Soldier."

The Theatre

"Hajj"

THE inexhaustible romance and charm of the Arabian Nights are known to all, but no one in our immediate period has so entirely acquired the feeling and character of these once oft-told tales as the accomplished author of "Kismet." After many successful adventures in other and very different kinds of drama, Mr. Edward Knoblauch has turned again to the wild loves and follies and braveries of the East. "Hajj" has evidently been especially written for the first appearance of Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton on the variety stage, and we can imagine no more auspicious and agreeable entrance. On Monday night, at the Palace, the play, which lasts about forty minutes, was received with immense applause. As Hajj, Mr. Asche appears once more in the welcome character of the braggadocio beggar of Baghdad, whose fortunes are so strange and rapid, whose vivid star will, we hope, give him many another night of nights and many more nights of power. The quick drama of the little play as Mr. Knoblauch has written it is full of gaiety, instinct with the graceful and bold spirit of an old Arabian city. Every phrase is based upon a knowledge of the "Nights," every quick incident breathes the charm and vigour of the fantastic period it revives for all to see. Yet this particular story of Hajj is original in conception, and constructed with a skill which hides beneath the becoming mask of inevitability. Mr. Knoblauch may have done greater work, but he has never written quite so cleverly, so entirely within the picture. This quality is brought home to us by the easy development of the drama and the excellent characterisation of the personages of the play. Miss Lily Brayton as the slave girl Harifah, who is not really a slave, is a decorative memory of old Baghdad made human and passionate. Her lover, Salim, Mr. Skillan, gives us the quintessence of perfumed Persian gallantry. Mr. Caleb Porter, as the wicked merchant Ali, is the impersonation of the immemorial old miser and thief of life. Hajj we all know, but after many daring and reckless schemes he appears at the end of the play as the friend of true lovers and the avenger who slays the evil-doer. The production is restrained but splendid; the Egyptian dances seductive and beautiful; every part is admirably played; and the music by Mr. Christopher Wilson greatly helps the illusion which Mr. Knoblauch and Mr. Asche and his gifted company have woven for our delight. All who can spare an

hour from sterner affairs will feel they owe a debt to the Palace for this production, the sort of debt—

. . . the ruin owes the vine
That covers it with dreams of wine,
Of fauns, of starry nights, of blue
Resplendent skies. . . .

Miss Hoey and Mr. Grossmith

THE gayest and most irresponsible of all the revivals is to be found at the Vaudeville Theatre, where Miss Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine" is now admirably reproduced. We do not consider the title very fortunate—even after years of success—but that is a small affair. The object of a farce in three acts is to be accumulatively funny, and this end the present play achieves with easy grace—and some freedom. It is the most laughable and best-acted farce in town, a welcome resource for those who are tired of thinking and wish to be, broadly speaking, amused. But there is much more than mere unthinking, irresistible laughter in Miss Mayo's piece. There are Miss Hoey and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, both whole-heartedly devoted to the matter in hand, both great artists who choose to devote their gifts to helping the world to merriment, both personages who could touch our emotions in other ways if it chanced to be their humour.

Miss Hoey is capable of anything on the stage, from, say, her part in "The Silent Woman" even unto "The Pearl Girl," and as Zoie, the wife and would-be mother of "Baby Mine," she shows herself, notwithstanding the farcical surroundings, to be one of the most charming comedians of the English stage. Her air of conviction and sincerity, her cleverness and sense of character, send the whole lively intrigue along at lightning pace. She has never played it better than on the night of the revival, when the whole house cheered her again and again. All the clever things that Miss Hoey did with her part Mr. Grossmith effected in his own rare manner with the character of the unfortunate Jimmy. The story of the wife's little lies, her runaway husband, and her friend's *ruse* to bring him home with the lure of a baby, is well known. No part is allowed to flag for a moment. That strange friend of farce, Aggie, who arranged the baby incident, is made quite human and real by Miss Constance Hyem, and the even stranger husband of farce, Alfred Hardy, is played by Mr. J. V. Bryant with so much spirit and force that we almost believe in him until the curtain is down and we find our way out into the lightless Strand. Thus we have been permitted to forget for a few hours the saddening aspect of life as it really is, and wander for a time in the amusing world which Miss Margaret Mayo has so cleverly discovered for us, a world where nothing matters except laughter. If you need the tonic of a lively evening and can enjoy the subtle art of several gifted comedians, haste to the Vaudeville.

EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

THE other day a motorist was summoned at Mortlake for a breach of the "powerful light" regulation. Being a member of the A.A. & M.U., he was defended by the Legal Department of the Association. The lamps complained of were electric side-lamps, of six-candle power. In supporting the summons, the police stated that the Commissioner had taken the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, who had given it as their view that any lamps showing a greater power than that of the ordinary oil lamp carried by taxi-cabs would be considered a "powerful light" within the meaning of the regulations now in force. On the other hand, it may be mentioned that the military definition of a "powerful light" is said to be one which projects a beam of more than 30 yards in length.

The Automobile Association & Motor Union has recently given careful consideration to its position in relation to the regulations made under the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914, which prohibit the use of powerful lights on motor vehicles within the Metropolitan Police area, and desires to make the following announcement of its intentions in the matter. Since the issue of the regulations in November last, the Association has made it a practice to defend members and their drivers who received summonses for infringements, although, strictly speaking, such offences are not covered under the free legal defence scheme, which applies solely to offences under the Motor Car Act. Having regard, however, to the fact that the regulations have now been operative for three months, it is felt by the A.A. committee that the time has arrived when there can be no longer any question of the provisions not being within the knowledge of motorists generally. They have therefore decided that, except in cases where they are satisfied that a conviction would be a serious miscarriage of justice, the benefit of free legal defence shall not cover infringements committed after March 6 next.

The Dunlop Company have just introduced a new pressure gauge which should commend itself to those motorists who study economy by attending to the proper inflation of their tyres, a subject which is receiving more attention than ever at the present time. The principle of this latest Dunlop accessory is a coiled spring and piston enclosed in a cylinder. On the tester being applied to the valve, the plunger is depressed by the projecting pin at its base. The escaping air causes the spring-controlled piston to rise, the motion being recorded on the gauge above by an indicator which is separate from the piston, and which retains its position after the air pressure is removed. The spring is the result of careful experiments, and the makers state that it can be relied upon to be uniform in action and practically everlasting. To set the gauge at zero, the moving parts are depressed by hand. The price of the gauge is 5s.

In view of the prominence given in the Press to the

recent fire at the Dunlop Rubber Mills, the Dunlop Company wishes us to state that the conflagration was purely local and that the consequences are not serious. There will be practically no interruption in supplies.

The Romance of Empire*

IN my view the British Empire is the most romantic and wonderful thing in the history of the whole world. It is the only Empire ever founded on freedom, the only Empire which could claim that its outlying parts were buttresses of the central structure, not mere solitary settlements held in place by an officialdom which when not cast iron was just red-tape. Its history, if we choose to follow out the threads, is as complete a romance as the most ingenious weaver of plots could wish to find, and it has the added allurements of being the romance of fact, not of fiction. As I read of Canadians in their thousands crossing the Atlantic to fight for the Motherland, of Sikhs and Gurkhas being landed at Marseilles to fight for France as the ally of Great Britain, of Australians and new Zealanders crossing the southern seas to defend Egypt from the German-led Turk, of Dutch and British fighting side by side under the leadership of General Botha to preserve South Africa inalienably for the British flag, my mind surges with thoughts of Cabot in his merest cockle-shell making his way over the waters of the Atlantic to the new isle for the discovery of which Henry VII made him the munificent present of £10; of the long struggle of Spain and Portugal, of France and England, to find a sea-route to the spice islands of the East in order to capture the trade which passed over the desert now pierced by the Suez Canal; of the quest for the Austral land which when found was thought little of and was ultimately selected as best fitted for the convicts of England; of the desperate fights between England and France for the overlordship of the native races of India, and of the century-long conflict of Boer with Briton for supremacy at the Cape. I think of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, of Drake and Hawke and Rodney, of Clive and Wolfe, of Nelson and Wellington, and a thousand others who played heroic parts in the world-drama which opened with Columbus and Vasco da Gama when the one reached the West and the other the East Indies. The British Empire to-day is fighting as England has fought many a time, for the right to exist: as England fought with Spain, with Portugal, with Holland, with France, all of whom were out for dominion in Europe and beyond the seas just as Germany is. One recalls the Papal bull which divided the heathen world between Spain and Portugal—a scrap of paper which England refused to recognise and resistance to which accounts for not a little of her history. We might almost adopt the remark with which Francis I greeted the Papal ordinance and say of another little scheme of more recent date: "As though our first father, Adam, had made them his sole heirs!" There is a curious irony about Empire; those who design Empire get it only to lose it: one like England, who never designed Empire, had Empire forced upon her by the necessity of protecting her trade and the settlements she started overseas not with a view to world-power, but to give her people a chance of living. Duplex

*"The Romance and Rally of the Empire" formed the subject of a lecture delivered at the Royal Colonial Institute this week by Mr. Edward Salmon. We take two portions of the address. I.—"The Past" we reprint this week; II.—"The Future" will appear next week. The complete address will appear in the Journal of the Institute, *United Empire*.

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designed Empire in India for France; Clive without design won it for England. England's Empire expanded often in despite of herself. England went to Madras to participate in the riches of Eastern trade; France and her native allies tried to oust her and brought into the field a mere clerk, a discontented youth who, having failed to blow his brains out, stepped from his desk to lead a band of European and native levies to Arcot. Empire in the East began with the defence of Arcot, and the devotion of our splendid Indian soldiery had its earliest manifestation when the natives led into the fort by this East India Company's clerk held it on rice-water whilst giving him and the Europeans the rice itself. When Germany wanted East Africa in 1884 Count Pfeil, Karl Peters, and Dr. Jühlke entered the country disguised as mechanics and deluded the chiefs into signing away 60,000 square miles which belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar; when she wanted West Africa she secured letters of introduction from Great Britain to native chiefs and used them in an attempt to steal territory belonging to France; Nachtigal very nearly rewarded British trust in his peaceful commercial mission by securing for Germany the Oil Rivers territory, better known as Southern Nigeria. Germany provoked a crisis in Morocco and compelled France for the sake of peace to compensate her with 100,000 square miles in the Cameroons. That is how Germany made Empire. England's greatest mistake in her Imperial history, according to the general opinion, was made when she elected to impose upon the American Colonists some part of the cost of the Seven Years' War she fought in their interests: it is one of the most dramatic instances in history of cause and effect that we lost America because we won Canada; if Wolfe had not been victorious on the Plains of Abraham, Canada might have remained French, and the Americans would not have revolted—at any rate when they did. Then, you will remember, when the Americans, freed of the British incubus, wished to lend the Canadians a hand to free themselves, the Canadians point-blank rejected the offer. The story of Canada since she passed from French to British possession surely finds a fitting sequel when she sends out the men of Quebec, as well as the men of Ontario and the other Provinces, to take their share in fighting for a cause which the twin mother-countries have made their own. Was it for nothing that Wolfe and Montcalm both fell on the Plains of Abraham and were commemorated in that joint monument which stands on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the St. Lawrence? You know its gloriously simple tribute—

"Mortem virtus Communem
Famam Historia
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit"

—which perhaps I may be allowed to render freely: "Valour gave a common death, History a common fame, Posterity a common monument." How I wish I could throw into a series of pictures the events of the eighteenth century side by side with those which have stirred our emotion and our pride in the twentieth century! At the last meeting of the Institute we were all moved by Sir George Reid's enthusiasm at the sight from which he had just returned, of 22,000 Australians on the banks of the Suez Canal, prepared with other representatives of the fighting forces of the Empire to meet the enemy. Sir George Reid pointed the moral: We sent convicts to Australia; Australia sends us of her manhood to assist in the defence of the Empire. Very remarkable is the martial instinct of the Australians, democrats of democrats, whose country has never known a war, for the fights with the natives were mere affrays; her solitary battle, if it can be so called, was between the riotous miners and the soldiery at the Eureka Stockade. Australia commemorated the

event with a monument which may be taken as marking appreciation of its exceptional character so far as the island continent is concerned. Democracy, enjoyed in peace, has not made the Australian less ready to fight for the Empire than is the Canadian, the New Zealander, and the South African. South Africa, perhaps, provides the most extraordinary instance of what I choose to call the romance of the Empire; we know from the day of the Great Trek to the day of Majuba that the Dutch in South Africa swore they would never live under the British flag; to escape it they endured every conceivable hardship; they trekked and fought and intrigued; Majuba only confirmed them in their resolve. The hour came, as it came in Canada, when two races fought out their differences, and the conqueror won not merely the war, but the loyalty of the vanquished. It is never safe for the alien enemy to rely on intrigue within the British gates, as Germany and her friends in South Africa have discovered. General Botha accepted British citizenship, he has learned that there is both freedom and security within the folds of the Union Jack, and he has held South Africa for Britain as staunchly as in other days he would have held it for the Dutch. General Botha and most of his colleagues have been simply splendid. "You can safely withdraw all Imperial troops," he cabled, in effect, to Downing Street; "we will look after the interests of the Empire in these parts." It was a message as thrilling as Mr. Redmond's when he pledged the Nationalist Volunteers to stand side by side with the Ulster Volunteers for the protection of the flag which Germany was assured they were only waiting to tear to ribbons. I am the more free to pay generous tribute to the attitude and action of the majority of the Dutch in South Africa, with General Botha and General Smuts at their head, because I was one of the most convinced opponents of what I regarded as a too liberal and too precipitate concession to Boer demands; it is a case in which it is a profound satisfaction to confess that one was wrong and to bear witness that the gospel of loyalty is more appealing and more potent than the gospel of hate.

The City

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S endorsement of Mr. Lloyd George's war finance, as to which there seems to have been a moment's doubt, is in accord with City feeling. He congratulated the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the success of his departure in consulting financial authorities upon financial matters—a point which the City will remember when perhaps Mr. Chamberlain himself may some day be in charge of the portfolio now held by Mr. Lloyd George. The new Treasury Bills offered this week have been a further proof of confidence as well as of our resources. "After nearly seven months of the most expensive war ever waged," said Mr. Lloyd George, on Tuesday, "the Government had that day raised £20,000,000 in the City by six months' and twelve months' bills, both of which were considerably over-subscribed. The average interest on the twelve month bills was £2 17s., while for the six month bills, which was subscribed three or four times over, they would have to pay £1 12s. 3d." The success of the issue was the more notable because the market was paying up the £10,000,000 of new Russian bills.

The Stock Exchange is in a state of dull anticipation. Rumours of fresh Canadian and other borrowings have had their effect on first-class securities, though we should have thought, in any case, the statement of the Canadian Minister of Finance would have been reassuring to any who may have had doubts as to the Dominion's position what-

ever the convenience of the moment might demand. The Stock Exchange is, of course, still awaiting a decision as to revised minimum prices: when this comes, things, it is hoped, will look up. Canpacs, Grand Trunks, and Argentine Railways have all been good, the rise in the first being significant, but generally the markets in which movements have taken place, have recorded declines, Mexican Rails being especially weak. Home Rails are marked by no feature of interest. Oils are fairly active, though with smaller business in Shells; Caucasians were freely dealt in up to 27s. 6d., which, however, is some 7s. below the figure at which they stood before the outbreak of war. Rubbers, notwithstanding the promising prices being obtained for the raw material, have claimed no particular attention. Industrials have been somewhat more freely dealt in, with Selfridge's an improving spot, due in some measure to the effect of the chairman's speech and his confident prediction that however good the report for last year might in the circumstances be considered, that for 1915 was going to be "decidedly better."

Insurance companies are faced with a question as the result of the war which may not make their way in future easier. The Legal and General Life has paid a good many claims directly due to the war; yet its mortality was 252 as against 313 expected in normal circumstances. This is in keeping with the other insurance reports, and has induced the question whether the public is not obviously paying too much for its insurance in peace time. With new business affected by war conditions the Legal and General are fortunate in being able to report that for the first time its premium income exceeded £1,000,000. Its total funds increased during the year by the sum of £700,233, and amounted to £10,410,529.

SELFLEDGE'S.

A GREAT HOUSE WITH 200 DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.

Mr. H. G. Selfridge presided over the sixth annual meeting held in the Palm Court, on Tuesday, February 23. There was a larger attendance of shareholders than usual.

The Chairman said: Our sixth annual report is before you, showing a net profit of £134,791 4s. 2d., to which must be added the amount carried forward from last year's accounts, £16,396 1s. 3d., making a total of £151,187 5s. 5d. Out of this we have paid £18,960 for debenture interest, £32,337 for preference dividend, and we propose to make the following appropriations: £25,000, being 5 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares—same as last year—and to be paid subject to deduction of income-tax; £20,000 in reduction of preliminary expenses; £8,000 to depreciation of fixtures and fittings, and £6,000 to writing down investments, leaving £40,890 to be carried forward. This amount is £24,000 more than last year, and is equal to a full year's dividend on the preference capital. You will observe from the report that, in addition to the depreciations charged as working expenses, we have also appropriated from January, 1912, to date, upwards of £155,000 out of profits to betterment—and I think you will agree that seeing we have been establishing a new business this is very satisfactory.

While reasonably pleased with the year's results, it is hardly necessary to add that, except for the extraordinary conditions since August 1, the profits would have been considerably higher. Of course, our returns for 1914 have been much larger than for any previous year, and our gross profits for the twelve months were, in volume, largely in excess of those of the preceding or any former year; but our efforts during the months of the war have been more concentrated on "carrying on" than in closely scrutinising our expenses. During all the difficult months of last year we made no arbitrary dismissals, reduced no

salaries, and required no unusual holidays or absence from duty. This action has been taken with eyes wide open, and would be repeated if the matter were again to come up for decision. Our percentage to gross profits has been interfered with somewhat by the business we have done with the War Departments of this country and our Allies, which, while by no means great in amount, has been carried through at a very small gross profit, and in many instances at actual cost. Again, I repeat this policy has been adopted with entire knowledge of what the result would be, and we have no reason to regret such decision. Our stock of merchandise is somewhat higher than last year. This is a condition, however, with which we are quite satisfied, especially when we note that the number of times our average stock has turned has been during 1914 considerably higher than during 1913. We believe that every merchant should always scrutinise more carefully the number of times turned than the actual amount of stock on hand—assuming that the stock itself is good and saleable. Our book debts are higher than last year by a large amount, this increase being made up to a considerable extent in several amounts due from the War Departments of this and other countries.

The recent months, of course, have not been propitious ones in which to complete plans for opening the new provision departments across Oxford Street; but they have been opened nevertheless, and are already, while only two months old, doing a large business, and one which is showing great growth every single day. I have every reason to believe that these departments, which have been extraordinarily successful from the morning the doors were opened, will develop into a very important portion of this business. During the year we have purchased the business of Messrs. T. Lloyd and Co., Ltd., and by this purchase, and the acquisition of other leasehold interests in the premises, we have secured the great space on the west of this main building extending to Orchard Street. We have since completed negotiations with the ground landlord for a new lease for over eighty years of the whole of the property on terms which are very fair and reasonable, and throughout these negotiations we have received every courtesy and consideration.

The purchase of the business of T. Lloyd and Co. and of the other premises, and the arrangements for the renewal of the leases, are a great step forward for this business, and will undoubtedly secure a tremendous increase in the annual returns and resulting profits. The great advantages which this addition will give will not be fully realised until the new buildings are erected—a work which we shall hope to begin as soon as possible after the close of the war. We have given much time and consideration to the designing of these new buildings, and when they are completed and added to the present store, which is already too small for our growing business, we shall be able to complete the extension of our trade, which our experience has confirmed can be developed almost without limit. While, perhaps, a result which shows a few thousand pounds better profit than the year before may be considered as very good, I have no hesitation, all things considered, in prophesying a decidedly better result for the year which we have just entered. This is a progressive, growing, rapidly developing business, which, war or no war, is gathering to its 200 departments constantly increasing numbers of London's buying public, and every day making more and more of them regular and permanent customers and friends. (Applause.) The Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Percy A. Best seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the chairman.

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